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Sassoon on the War

forget. We dare not forget. We have no right to forget. Not hatred of the enemy—that will pass, and should. But the pain, the unutterable agony of body and spirit, this must not be forgotten. We must hold Sassoon to us, that we do not sink again into the feather-bed of peace. For as Sassoon writes—so is war.

E. T.

IRISH GRIEF

The Sad Years, by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter).
With an Introduction by Katherine Tynan. George H. Doran Co.

For the friends of Mrs. Shorter, who read her personality into these poems, they undoubtedly mean more than for the stranger. Yet they have a fine genuineness, a freshness and spontaneity, which commend them even to the most casual reader. All the poems in this book were written during the war, and they express a passionate devotion to Ireland, the country of her birth, and a distress over the Irish situation, which was, as Mrs. Tynan says in her introduction, the chief cause leading to Mrs. Shorter's physical break-down and death. Among the best poems in the book are *The Black Horseman*, *The Comforters*, *Home* and *They did not See Thy Face*, poems sure to be included in future Irish anthologies. Of these we quote *The Comforters*:

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,
When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,
As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by the cross, sorrow did speak.
When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried.
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

A. C. H.

OTHER POETS OF THE WAR

In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae, with an Essay in Character by Sir Andrew Macphail. Putnam.

A Highland Regiment and Other Poems, and *War the Liberator and Other Pieces*, by E. A. Mackintosh, M. C. John Lane Co.

Sea-dogs and Men at Arms—a Canadian Book of Songs, by Jesse Edgar Middleton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

En Repos and Elsewhere Over There, by Lansing Warren and Robert A. Donaldson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Drums in our Street, by Mary Carolyn Davies. Macmillan Co.

Forward March! by Angela Morgan. John Lane Co.

The Chosen Nation, by Irwin St. John Tucker. Published by the Author, Chicago.

No one can read without emotion the commonest journalism of the war, whether it be in prose or verse. The ex-